

3<sup>d</sup> THE *Eng. Poetry vol. 8.*  
Female *Ship.* *K*

A  
S A T Y R

AGAINST  
WHORING.  
*Very Sovere.*

---

In a Letter to a Friend, just come to Town.

---

—*Hic Centauros*—*Gorgonas, Hic*  
*bruenies*— *Mart.*

---

L O N D O N,

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THE READER  
TO THE  
EPISTLE  
READER.

**T** Hink not that any sad Mishap,  
Of Swelling Groin, or Weeping Clap,  
Or Bubo, or venereous Shanker,  
Occasion'd this Poetick Anger:  
Or that I've got that Plague of Life,  
A Fair, but Cursed Jilting Wife,  
Who deafens Neighbours with her bawling,  
And goes each Night a Catterwawling;  
Or reeling Home one Evening Drunk,  
I stumbled upon Stragling Punk;  
Who calling me her dearest Honey,  
From Fob conveyed away my Money;  
And in Revenge, upon the Matter,  
Went home and wrote this biting Satyr.  
Or that by any Churches Sentence  
Am doom'd to open White Repentance,  
To suffer Penance in one Sheet,  
Because 'twixt two I did the Feat:



## Epistle to the READER.

*Or that some little Bastard rather  
Was left at Door to call me Father ;  
While th'Mother on't design'd to Trick me,  
By swearing in the Croud 'twas like me.  
No, none ( for best my Thoughts can tell me )  
Of these Misfortunes have besel me ;  
But if you needs must know th'Occasion,  
Which put my Muse in such a Passion :  
A Friend of mine Young, Airy, Witty,  
Rich, Gallant, Well-belov'd and Pretty,  
In two Years Time, by Punks in London,  
Was Clapt and Poxt, and clearly undone,  
Diseas'd and miserably Poor,  
And by his Friends turn'd out of Door,  
To Country goes to find Relief,  
Where in two Months he dy'd of Grief.  
If this was not enough to rouse  
Resentments in a Friendly Muse,  
In all the Subjects us'd for Satyr,  
Shew, if you can, a fitter Matter.  
All Poetry designs to please,  
And if in Dogrel Lines like these,  
You find but something for Discourse,  
I am, Dear Courteous Reader,*

**Yours,**



THE  
FEMALE FIRE-SHIPS.

A

Satyr against Whoring.

WElcom to *Town* thou most esteem'd of *Friends*,  
Welcom as *Rain*, which on parcht Earth  
(descends;

Thou *Dear Companion* of my vacant Hours,  
How oft did we on *Ips Banks* Discourse?  
When we together led a *College Life*,  
Till I assum'd that Settlement a *Wife*;  
Yet thy *Amintor's* not *Uxorious* grown,  
Nor will he for the *Wife*, the *Friend* disown.

B

He

He loves his *Strephon*, with a Flame as strong  
 As Death, yet will not his *Dorinda* wrong ;  
 Tho' learn'd thou art as *Athens* was of old ;  
 And canst all *Natures* Mysteries unfold :  
 Yet to my *Strephon's* mind are still unknown,  
 The Rules of Living in this wicked *Town* :  
 Here are a thousand Traps, ten thousand Snares,  
 Which *Vice* for *unexperienc'd Youth* prepares ;  
 Unknown, unheard of, in those Shady Groves,  
 Where *Nymphs* and *Shepherds* joyntly tell their *Loves*.  
 Permit me then to expose one sort of *Vice*,  
 And show the danger of the *Precipice* ;  
 Which may in you create a fixt abhorring,  
 Of that so fashionable *Mode*, call'd *Whoring*.

Methinks at naming of the Word you start,  
*Ab happy Youth*——unskilful in such Art ;  
 May you be still unlearned in such Schools ;  
 'Twas the desire to know, first made us Fools :  
 But lest through inadvertency you run  
 To those extreams, my *Muse* would have you shun ;  
 Suffer my Pen a little to explore,  
 And show the Arts of *Prostituted Whore*.

*Women* indeed to outward view they seem,  
 But are their *Sexes* scandal, blot and shame;  
 Like *Angels* they may seem in Dress, and meen,  
 But could you view the frightful *Fiend* within,  
 Who whets their lewd desires, and eggs them on,  
 To act those Mischiefs they too oft have done;  
 Not *Midnight Spectres*, nor sad *Scenes* of *War*,  
 Would half so dreadful to your Sense appear;  
 Not *Canibals* upon the *Indian Coast*,  
 Nor *Desert Shores* to Men by Shipwrack tost  
 Can be so dangerous, as are the *Wiles*,  
 The treacherous *Kisses*, and bewitching *Smiles*  
 Of Mercenary *Jilts*; whose only Trade,  
 Is daily acting *Love in Masquerade*:  
 True *Canibals*, who can with ease devour,  
 A dozen Men while *Time* shapes out an Hour.  
 The Body as gross food they cast away,  
 And only on the Blood and Marrow prey;  
 With nice fantastick Appetites they burn,  
 And nothing but the Spirits serves their turn:  
 Not *Naples*, *Rome*, *Messina*, *Scanderoon*,  
 Nor *Venice* the fam'd *Adriatick Town*;

Not



Not *Paris*, *Lyon*, *Blois*, nor *Fountain-bleau*,  
 Can in each place more *Girls of Pleasure* show,  
 Than *VVbores* of all degrees are daily known,  
 To practise *Lewdness* in this pious Town;  
 From the *kept Mistress* who resides at Court,  
 To her who will for *two Pence*, act the Sport.

Sincethen in *VVboring* there are found degrees,  
 (For there's a kind of Government in Vice)  
 Let's for a while survey the mighty *Bliss*,  
 Attends the keeping *Pentionary Miss*,  
 (A Practice custom has in Credit brought  
 So far, it hardly is esteem'd a Fault)  
 If *Haughty*, when some *Overtures* you make,  
 And tell her how you languish for her Sake;  
 A swinging *Fine* by you must first be paid,  
 And after that some *Deeds of Joynture* made  
 Before you must attempt to taste the *Joy*,  
 Which of it self does but too quickly cloy:  
 When ever you your *Am'rous Visits* pay,  
 Some *Present* you must leave at going away:  
 And if her *Hum'rous Appetite* requires,  
 Some new *Provocatives* to languid *Fires*;

The *Dainties* of the *East* you must prepare,  
 And if she'll swallow Pearl, you must not spare;  
 Nothing must e're be thought too Good or Rich,  
 To raise and highten her *Salacious Itch*.  
 If after all this mighty Cost and Pains,  
 Her Heart were but the total of your Gains,  
 Repentance would be light: But ah as soon,  
 You may require fixation from the Moon;  
 Cause Madam *Cynthia* still to have one Face,  
 And stop the Sun in his Diurnal Race  
 As make her Constant—tho' She Swears and Vows,  
 That She her Love to no Man else allows;  
 That you'r the only Creature She can prize,  
 Joy of her Heart, and Pleasure of her Eyes,  
 And if you leave her off, poor Soul, she dies:  
 Believe her not, for when She tells the Lie,  
 The *Divels* blush to hear the *Perjury*:  
 When just perhaps before those Oaths she swore,  
 Some *Fav'rite Spark* had issued out of Door,  
 Blest with those Joys, you pay so dearly for.  
 These *First Rate Whores*, if Trade they understand,  
 Can never fail, unless they are well Man'd.

When for their Favours you so tamely crave,  
 Whether are you their Keeper, or their Slave ?  
 They scorn to be *Monopoliz'd* by one,  
 No-----they are proud to imitate the *Sun*,  
 Who does on meanest things his Beams display,  
 So every one is Welcom, *if he pay*.  
 But of this tedious constant way of Life,  
 Which bears so near resemblance to a Wife,  
 You weary grown, some other Mistress chuse,  
 And to the former all Supplies refuse :  
 When you with-draw your *Golden Showers of Grace*,  
 Like a true *Filt*, she'll curse you to your Face :  
 In vain to Constancy they make pretention,  
 For loss of *Love* still follows loss of *Pension*.

If in this *keeping Humour* you go on,  
 And for new Faces ran sack all the Town ;  
 Had you the *Wealth of Cræsus* in your power,  
 So that your very Thoughts could *wish* no more ;  
 Could you bribe Time to let you live an Age,  
 Still blest with vigorous Heat and Youthful rage ;  
 Could you each Month command a new Embrace,  
 And Reign Lord Regent, o're the Female Race ;  
 Could



Could you of *Mistresses* have such a Store,  
 That *Solomon* compar'd to you was Poor ;  
 Yet you would find that *Jilting*, *Falshood*, *Lying*,  
*Counterfeit Sighs*, and *Subtle Arts of Dying*,  
*Feign'd Tears*, false *Vows*, and several Vertues more,  
 Are Qualities inseparable from the Whore.

Forgive me *Strephon* for my rash suppose,  
 Too well the *Theory* of their faults he knows,  
 And has too much of Learning, Wit and Art,  
 Ever to dive into the *Practick* part:

But whilst to fulsome Complements I fly,  
 I tax him with Insensibility.

*Strephon* not Love a *Woman*? Is he Man?  
 And can he from the *Charming Sex* refrain?  
 No—but with Prudence moderates his Passion,  
 And is not lewd, altho' 'tis grown the Fashion.

Permit me now *Dear Strephon*, to relate,  
 The Tricks and Wiles of Whores of *Second Rate*;  
 The *Play-house Punks*, who in a loose Undress,  
 Each Night receive some *Cullies* soft Address;  
 Reduc'd perhaps to the last poor *half Crown*,  
 A tawdry *Gown* and *Petticoat* put on,

Go

Go to the House, where they demurely sit  
 Angling for *Bubbles*, in the noisy *Pit*:  
 Not *Turks* by *Turbants*, *Spaniards* by their *Hats*,  
 Nor *Quakers* by *Diminutive Cravats*  
 Are better known, than is the *Tawdry Crack*  
 By *Vizor-Mask*, and *Rigging* on her *Back*:  
 The *Play-house* is their place of *Traffick*, where  
 Nightly they sit, to sell their *Rotten Ware*;  
 Tho' done in silence and without a *Cryer*,  
 Yet he that bids the most, is still the *Buyer*;  
 For while he nibbles at her *Am'rous Trap*,  
 She gets the *Mony*, but he gets the *Clap*.  
 Intrencht in *Vizor Mask* they Giggling sit,  
 And throw designing Looks about the *Pit*,  
 Neglecting wholly what the *Actors* say,  
 'Tis their least business there to see the *Play*:  
 But if some *unexperient'd Youth* by chance,  
 Bestows upon 'em an obliging Glance,  
 And in his *Rustick* manner offers Love,  
 These slow Advances, they know how to improve;  
 Like *Stubborn Towns*, when first they view the *Foe*,  
 Some signs of vigorous Resistance show,

Till

Till prest too hard by their opponent Fate,  
 Make Terms, and freely then Capitulate.  
 So *these* at first appear too nice and coy,  
 And scorn the kind pretences of the *Boy* ;  
 Laugh loud to show their Wit, and in the Strife,  
 Act Modesty and Vertue to the Life.

Th' *unthinking Lad* more fond by distance grown,  
 Bears up his Thoughts, and briskly pushes on,  
 Till they at last contented to comply,

(As overcome by Importunity)

Accept a *Coach* (still Maskt and in *Disguise*)  
 Whilst he with his new gotten *Female Prize*  
 To Tavern hastning, where a *Splendid Treat*,  
 Opens his Eyes and quickly shews the Cheat;  
 Their *Seeming Vertue* off with *Mask* is thrown,  
 And they appear *True Women of the Town*.  
 If Dancing, Singing, Swearing, Impudence,  
 Can make Impressions upon easie sense,  
 And She, he thought a Goddess just before,  
 Now proves an *Errant Rampant true bred VVbore*:  
 And in the *Height of VVine*, if he's but willing  
 Will soon unrig her self, for one poor Shilling.



These fights his lustful Fever serve to cure,  
 Or else like Oyl to Fire, inflame it more;  
 So doubly flusht with *Vine* and Love at last,  
 Their *fatal Kindness* he attempts to tast :  
 Fatal indeed, but too too often prove,  
 These stollen snatches of unlawful Love;  
 Delusions charm his reason for a while,  
 And evry thing about him seems to smile;  
 Pleas'd with the *Raptures* of his new found *Bliss*,  
 Fancies there is no other *Paradice* :  
 But sober Reason must at last take place,  
 And he, tho' late, perceives his own disgrace;  
 For when he lay intranc'd in *Celia's Lap*,  
 He little thought 'twould terminate in *Clap* :  
 So finds the total Sum of all his gains  
 Are *Saffold's Pills*, to Cure all sorts of Pains.  
 Methinks I read a Pity in your Eyes,  
 While you these *Mercenary Filts* despise;  
 But tho' I cannot blame your gen'rous Passion,  
 Yet I shall now inflame your Indignation;  
 For these may well be thought no *Whores* at all,  
 Compar'd with those which we *Night-Walkers* call:  
Cracks,

*Cracks*, who to *Hells* black Service are so true,  
 That they may claim *Damnation* as their *Due*:  
 For *Witches*, who by Contract serve the *Devil*,  
 Were never Instruments of half the evil  
 Perform'd by these *Nocturnal Privateers*,  
 In the small space of a few *Rolling Years*;  
 These *Pirates* of the *Night* no Prizes spare,  
 From *Callow Youth*, to *Age* with *Silver Hair*,  
 Who greedily the curst occasion snatches,  
*Board you*, and *clap you* underneath their *Hatches*;  
 Like *Owls* all day they still remain within,  
 And seldom are until the *Twilight* seen;  
 Then with some *Fine gay Cloaths* took up on *Tally*,  
 To *publick Streets*, these lewd *Smock-Vermine* Sally;  
 With such an air of *Impudence* they tread,  
 As if in *Hells* chief *Boarding School* were bred;  
 Their *Eye-balls* rolling round from place to place,  
 Each *Man* they meet, they stare him in the *Face*;  
 If raw and unexperienc'd in the *Town*  
 They stop him, and as if to them was known,  
*Lord! Cozen*——(confidently will they say)  
*I have not seen your Eyes this many day:*

But

But if he seems surpriz'd, or stand his Guard on,  
 They then retire—*with Sir I ask your Pardon,*  
*You are so like the Man I took you for,*  
*Not Peas resemble one another more:*  
 Sometimes at this false Bait the Gudgeons bite,  
 And to a Tavern, with these Birds of Night  
 Retire, to take one new Acquaintance Pint;  
 Where if for one half hour they sit and laugh,  
 We freely may conclude the *De'il was in't*,  
 If he comes off with Purse and Codpeice safe.  
 'Tis not for Pleasure Nightly thus they trot,  
 That by long custom they have quite forgot;  
 Like Men, who their indulgent Palats feast  
 So long, till they at last quite lose their Taste:  
 No, 'tis for Money—Money is their aim,  
 For Love they do not understand the Name.  
 Let the Gallant be Blackamoor or Jew,  
 Ugly, and of an *Æthiopian* Hew;  
 Deform'd like *Æsop*, and as old as Parr,  
 If he has Money, he's *their only Dear*,  
*Their Love, their Life, their Soul, their other Half,*  
 Like *Jews* they still adore the Golden Calf:

Yet



Yet what's the Profit of their mighty pains, ?  
 And how do they improve their ill-got Gains ?  
 Some *Swearing Bulley* runs away with all  
 The Pence, which did from *Cullies* Pocket fall,  
 In stroling Walks, from *Strand* to *Leaden-ball*.  
 Curst, doubly curst, is Life of *Common Whore*,  
 She Sweats, takes Pains, and yet is always Poor,  
 And who to merit Hell can suffer more ?  
 In *Pairs* like unclean Beasts they walk the Street,  
 And if one *over-charg'd* with *Drink* they meet  
 They seize his *Pocket*, as their lawful Game,  
 For *Whore* and *Thief* are in one sense the same:  
 Till twelve at Night, these *Lustful Gypsies* stroul  
 In quest of *Mony*, by the *pickt-up Fool*:  
 Shame to their *Sex*, and Scandal to the *Brute*,  
 Who ne're permits the *Male* a *second Bout*;  
 But they—tho' void of *Pleasure* and *Delight*,  
 Can *Weekly* bear a *dozen Leaps* a *Night*,  
 From Men of all *Complexions*, *Tempers*, *Ages*,  
 From *Beardless Youths*, to *Reverend Grave Old Sages*;  
 Till tir'd with *Shaking* of their *worn out Bums*,  
 Through *Allies reel*, to their respective *Homes*.

Breath, breath a while, my over-heated *Muse*,  
 Before you enter their accursed *Stems* ;  
 Where *Aches*, *Buboes*, *Shankers*, *Nodes* and *Poxes*,  
 Are hid in Females Dam'd *Pandora's* Boxes.  
 Think of the quiet Days, the calmer Nights,  
 The grateful Pleasures, and the soft Delights,  
 The large Exemption, from all noisy Strife,  
 And other Joys attend the *Virgin Life* ;  
 Thus fortified against their Tinsel Charms,  
 Advance with Courage and defie their Arms.

What Man's a Stranger to the fam'd Report,  
 Of the *Religious Nuns* of *Sals'bury Court* ?  
 Who daily standing at their *Convent Door*,  
 And plying, seem to cry, next *Whore*, next *VVhore* ;  
 Like *Algerines* who *Christian Vessels* spy,  
 Hang out false Colours to deceive the Eye ;  
 So who (but him who knows it is their Trade)  
 Would think a *Coffee-house* a *Brothel* made ?  
 The sober Sign is hung out for a Stale,  
 The Treat within, is *Punk* and *Bottle-Ale* :  
 If with a feign'd Sobriety you come,  
 And unconcernedly survey the Room,

The

The Jilts who for your *Mony* only burn,  
 Will quickly see you are not for their turn;  
 Well skill'd in *Physiognomy* they know,  
 Whether you'll be their *Property* or no:  
 But if they read the *Cully* in your Face,  
 They come up to you, with a *dam'd Grimace*;  
*My Dear* (crys one) lets leave this dirty Hole;  
*And go up Stairs my Jewel, shall's my Soul?*  
 If with her fullsom flattery you comply,  
 (As some Men scarce have power to deny)  
*Bottles of Mead, Mum, Cyder*, all at once,  
 Fly faster to the Room, than *Bombs* at *Mons*;  
 The Reck'ning flaming, and grave Matron gone,  
 And you with Mistress *Up-tail* left alone;  
 What follows,—let my modest Reader guess,  
 My Muse forbids that I one hint express.

Besides these *Jilts* we mentioned just before,  
 There are of sev'ral kinds a thousand more,  
*Religious VVhores*, who go to Church to Prayer;  
 (Tho that's the smallest business they have there)  
 Who with one *Eye* look up to *Heaven* with Passion,  
 And with the other, *wink* an *Assignation*:

Love



*Love and Devotion* are so near of Kin,  
 She cannot think good Nature is a Sin.  
 There are a sort of *Cloyster'd Punks* beside,  
 Who to be Vertuous thought, will take a Pride;  
 Reserv'd they live, in mighty State and Fashion,  
 And who dares scandalize their Reputation?  
 At *Tunbridge* and at *Epsom Wells* each year,  
 Like People of *best Quality* appear:  
 Blush when they hear a Word they judge obscene,  
 While thousand *lewd Ideas* lurk within;  
 With *Artful Wives* they take a Pride to vex,  
 And bid defiance to the other Sex:  
 But if at last betraid by *Inclination*,  
 Or overcome by your too Foolish *Passion*;  
 Or if by *Presents* most *magnetick Charms*,  
 You are at length conducted to her Arms;  
 Not *Fleetstreet Cracks* who on young Striplings prey,  
 Are half so Lewd and Impudent as they.  
 When they the Night like *Messalina* past,  
 Appear next Morning like *Lucretia* chaste;  
 Like *Filts* whose Arts some holy Pages fill,  
 They wipe their Mouths and say they've done no ill.  
 What

What Pity 'tis the *Bawds* of this lewd Town  
 Who have some thousands of *each Sex* undone,  
 Should want their *Statues* made of lasting Brass,  
 And fixed at, or very near the place,  
 Where they their various *Scenes* of *Lewdness* taught,  
 And thought their *vilest Practices* no fault ;  
 Like fiery *Pillars* they would mark the way,  
 In which *wild Youths* too aptly run astray ;  
 Then would no *Bewly*, *Swatford*, *Temple*, *Whipple*,  
*Cresswell* nor *Cozens*, who so lov'd the Nipple ;  
 Nor other Female Facheffes unknown,  
 Want that disgrace is due to *Vice* alone ;  
 For this old Maxim does all Mankind know,  
 That She that's once a *Whore*, is always so ;  
 Not *Pox* nor *Gout* can 'ere confine desire,  
 Nor can old Age extinguish lustful Fire ;  
 Like *Sparks* rakt up in Embers 't may return,  
 In fury, and with Rage and Passion burn.  
 But whilst my Muse their ways to *Strephon* shows,  
 I teach those very Crimes I would expose :  
 Yet if wise *Spartans* when their *Slaves* were *Drunk*,  
 Expos'd them *reeling* to their *Childrens* scorn,

With the same Reason I may paint the *Punk*,  
 Not that my Friend their hated ways may learn,  
 But in his Mind those just Ideas frame, -  
 That shunning of the Vice, he may avoid the shame.  
 Had you (*but Heaven forbid 't should ever be*)  
 Spent all upon these *Sinks of Infamy*,  
 And wholly slighting all good *Moral Rules*,  
 Ruin'd your Fortune in their *Vaulting Schools*,  
 Softned your Mind by *Wheedles of lewd VVbore*,  
 And spent so long, till you could spend no more;  
*Reduc'd and Poor* and leading to a *Jayl*,  
 And would *one Crown* your *Corps* from *Durance Bail*;  
 Did you to some of them your *Wants* propound,  
 On whom you once had spent *five hundred Pound*;  
 Not only they'd deny your small Request,  
 But make your very *Poverty* their *Fest*.  
 Would you a *Miserable Scene* survey,  
 Step to the *Lock in Southmark* any day,  
 Where you will with a kind of Horror view,  
*Clapt Sparks in Fluxes*, Penitently *stew*;  
 The Sight's so nauseous, in my Soul I think,  
 This very instant Time, I smell the Stink.

Thus



Thus I've of *VVhores* a short Description made,  
 And toucht the great *Arcana's* of their *Trade*,  
 For by what Name soever they are known,  
 Their proper Title sure is *Legion*;  
 { The *Ægyptian Plague* of *Locusts* heretofore  
 Is tollerable, to the *Plague* of *VVhore*.

And now with me will *Gentle Strephon* joyn,  
 And think a *Vertuous VVoman* all *Divine*;  
 By contraries some things are best set off,  
 For let the *vicious Libertines* still scoff,  
 If *Strephon's* happy in a *Charming Bride*,  
 In *Lifes* rough *Seas* with her we'll safely ride;  
 While they poor *daring rash unthinking Elves*,  
 Expose their *Barks* to *Shipwracks*, *Rocks* and *Sbelves*;  
 Where *VVaves* are never *calm* nor *VVeather* clear,  
 But *Storms* and *Tempests* last the *Circling Year*.

F I N I S.



